

would arrange the marches and the camping-  
grounds with  
reference solely to her well-being. She is  
washed from  
her nose to the tip of her tail every evening,  
clothed, and  
kept by the camp-fire. She is a dainty,  
heartless, frivolous  
creature, very graceful and pretty, and in  
character much  
like a selfish, spoilt woman.

Unfortunately, in one of the many  
attempted fights  
among the horses, *Screw* kicked her on the  
chest and  
fore-leg a few days ago, which has made a  
quarrel between  
Hadji, *Screw's* owner, and Aziz. Now Aziz is  
making me  
a slave to Ms animal. That night, after a  
tiring day, I was  
sleeping soundly when I was awakened by  
Aziz saying  
I must come to his mare or he would stay  
behind with  
her the next day. This is his daily threat. So  
I had to  
bring her inside my tent, and sleepily make a  
poultice and  
bandage the hurt. I have very little vaseline,  
and after  
putting it twice on the slight graze on her  
chest, which  
it cured, I said, when he asked for it a third  
time, that I  
must keep the rest for men. " Oh," he said,  
" she's of  
more value than ten men." Lately he said,  
" I don't  
like you at all, you give me many things, but  
you don't  
give me money; and I don't like the Agha, he  
doesn't give  
me half enough. I'm going back to-morrow,  
and then  
you'll be robbed of all your things, and you'll  
wish you  
had given them to me."

When I do anything, such as opening a  
whitlow,  
which he thinks clever, he exclaims, " May  
God forgive  
your sins !" This, and " May God forgive  
the sins of

your father and mother !" are ejaculations of  
gratitude or  
surprise. One day when I had been  
attending to sick  
people for four hours, I asked him which  
was the more  
" meritorious" act, attending to the sick or  
going on  
pilgrimage ? He replied, " For a *Kafir* no act is  
good,"  
but soon added, " *Of a truth God doesn't think as*  
*we do,* I  
don't know."